Singular Gathering at Possepatuck in the Woods of Long Island Knee Deep in June-Descon Carle, 86, and Full of the Spirit, Leads a Reusing Service.

\*Out o' gunshot of the devil, knee deep in June," as Descon Carle put it to his people, June meeting was held yesterday afternoon at Poosepatuck, in Suffolk county, Long Island, on the ancient Indian reservation that King William and Queen Mary gave to Col. William Smith, and the Colonel to the good Sachem Tobaguas, more than 200 years ago.

All roads yesterday led to Poosepatuck and the little frame church hidden in the pine and oak forest, and along the twisting sand trails came hundreds of the curious folk that boast a strain of Indian blood shouting "hallelujahs," "glory to the Lord" and defiance to Old Nick.

Razor-backed mules brayed, kicking up their heels in the fanatical spirit that you could feel in the air. Old horses lumbered along pulling decrepit family carryalls. Old negro uncles and old, old negro mammies shuffled toward the meeting house the sun glistening on their shiny, happy faces and bringing out a glint of copper that told of the thin stream of blood that marked them as the descendants of the ancient Long Island tribes that the Mohawks and Pequods harried before the black slaves that the Dutch brought with them changed the race.

From the summer resorts along the bay side white folks journeyed to witness the curious custom that tradition says is all of 1,000 years old. Big red and white automobiles filled with fashionable New Yorkers shot by the creaking vehicles of the Afro-Indians, their chug-chugging and toottooting punctuating the half frenzied, wholly ecstatic shouts of the natives.

In the clearing where the little church stands, where the present tribal head lives in a two-hundred-year old clapboard hut, where the same celebration has been observed for time out of memory, half-breeds and quarter bloods, in vivid reds and greens and yellows sat around on the daisy-carpeted ground, firting, goesiping and singing

To every tree a horse or a long-eared mule was tied, and between the trees buggies and wagons unhitched held baskets bulging with the noon meal.

An old, old negro, his wool snow-white, limping along with the aid of a knobby ene, called out in a deep bass that rumbled

cana, called out in a deep bass that rumbled through the clearing like an organ peal:

"My old body is racked, my chilluns, but my soul, oh. Lawd, it am all dressed up!"

He led the way to the meeting house, crying "Hallelujah!" at every step, and after him into the spotlessly clean little building streamed the excited Afro-Indians, many of them shouting and with tears streaming down their faces.

"De spirit am a movin' in me," shouted one of them. "D3 Holy Ghost am boilin' in me. Come en, Holy Ghost, in your chariot and take me a ride to Glory."

The eld negro who was Deacon Carl, of Bellport, leader of June meetings for sixty-four years, himself 86, mounted into the pulpit with a tall, heavily built, full-blooded negro exhorter, Smith by name, coal black in celor. He raised his hands up and looked dewn upen the mass of faces, some perfectly in celor. He raised his hands up and looked down upen the mass of faces, some perfectly black, many with a reddish tinge that showed Indian blood, a few copper-colored, and several white, all working in religious

espotion.

The old negro began to rock backward and forward in the pupit and his singularly pewerful veice began to chant an air that Seuthern darkeys know:

You rock as I rock.

As the good Lord save my soul;
Everybedy rock as I rock,

As the good Lord keep your soul.

The floors shock and the walls quivered as the negroes and mixed bloods, harmonising naturally, instinctively roared out the old plantation melody and rocked in time to the syncopation of the music.

The eyes of the exhorter shone and great drops of sweat trickled from his black

"I feel it comin', ye lambs o' the Lawd!"
he cyled. "Don't git me started now.
Oh, Elijah, let go my soul. If I begin to
presch the Word so early in the day I'll

"Den't hold back the sperrit, Br'er Smith,"
"Den't hold back the sperrit, Br'er Smith,"
"Tell the people what said the old deacon. "Tell the people what the Lord am a' sayin' to you." "Amen!" "That's so!" "Go 'way, Devil!" "Taik out.Br'er Smith!" "Hallelujah!" came

Faix out.Br'er Smith!" "Hallehijah!" came from every part of the meeting house as the excited, already overwrought audience rung their hands and mopped their faces ith big, red, flowered bandannas.

"When the Holy Ghost says "Blow the histle, Smith," why Smith ain't got no more se than to blow her," shouted the exampler.

"O, brethren, I want to talk to you about praysh. You all are too much like pigs. When you pray to the Lawd you try to gobble up the futuah. You squint down the hall of time and try to kitch the goodies that ain't fer to-day. Git on yo' knees and ask fo' tha things you need to-day. Not what ye' wans, but what yo' need."

A wall came from the back of the church, and an old half-blood woman, sobbing, marched up the aisle to the pulpit. The audience watched her with starting eyes. She hearn a hymn that was caught up by she began a hymn that was caught up by

The good Lerd delivered Danuel, Danuel, Danuel, The good Lord delivered Danuel, Why not every soul?

Again the bodies swayed to and fro, and the song reared out, the base voice of the eld deacon rumbling under all.

The deacon began to pray: "O chilluns, this June meetin' day give your sinful hearts to the Lawd. He is the doctah of souls. He took a man foh days dead and set him en his feet. Does yo' want a bettah doctah?"

A tenor voice, clear and sweet started:

Who built the ark?

A teaor voice, clear and sweet started:

Who built the ark?
Noah, Neah:
Who built de ark?
Br'er Neah built de ark.

"The Lawe is heah. Teil Him your story,"
shouted the exhorter, and one by one the
weeping, trembling people cried their
stories in a spiritual frenzy.
Here and there among the blacker folk
were old men and women whese white
wool and clean out Roman noses made a
surious physiological contrast. Their Insian blood made them impassive and stolid
in the midst of the shricking, crying negroes.
They prayed and sang with the calmness
of their race, unshaken by the storm that
swayed their African neighbors.

The service ended with a sermon by
Brother Smith.

"Elijah and the Propheta"

Brother Smith.

"Elijah and the Propheta"

"Why don' yo' misable ainnahs jee' git en yo' hin' laigs an' howl feh mercy. You say yo' love the Lawd, why don' yo tell nim so. You, Jim Henry jand he pointed to a scared little negro! have come fo'teen mise an yo' ain't said fo'teen words."

When the June meeting came to an end the people flooked out among the elover and the daisies, where Poosepatuck Oreek lows by to the Bay, to eat and pionic.

FORKED AT BELLEVUE 40 YEARS. iridget Whelan Came There a Patient

and Stayed an Employee. Bridget Whelan, who until a short time to had presided over the dining room Bellevue Hospital for forty years, died esterday in the Home for the Aged at 213

ast Seventieth street.

Nobody at Bellevue knows just how old in was, but she was past middle age when in went to the hospital in the early '60s tith a broken arm. Like many another sellevue patient, she got work when she ecovered, and was a faithful employee intil her advanced age left her almost slind.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Reaching Aster place, es an open Broadway car, he politely asked the conductor for a transfer. "Get 'em on the corner." the conductor

replied, briefly. "From the agent on the corner."

"Vich corner?" "Right over there. Step lively." But the German stepped not at all. He

was far from satisfied. And there were challenges in his tone as he said: "How can dot agent tell avay ofer dair on der corner who vass it vot has got off der car und who vass it vot has not, ven he gifs out der transfers?"

The conductor had gervice stripes on his sleeves and was, therefore, too tired to get mad

mad.
"I tell you what," he said, ringing the bell,
'you go ask him."

There is a chance for a person of tact to inform a Wooster street delicatessen man, an Italian that this sign in his window is far from a drawing card with those who read English:

SKULLS, CLAWS AND SKINS FOR SALE. It is a relic of a departed taxidermist, the former tenant, and it looks a bit odd surrounded by sauce bottles and pigs'

Two axis deer babies appeared in the Central Park menagerie the other day, and visitors declared they were the cutest things in the whole animal collection Their bodies were dark brown with white spots. Their legs are so long in proportion to their bodies that they appear to be going on stilts.

The maternal solicitude of the does for The maternal solicitude of the does for the fawns is the only thing that rises superior to the desire for food. While the rest of the herd stick close to the fence to receive delicacies from visitors, the twe mothers remain at the further end of the paddock with the youngsters. Occasionally a yearling doe approaches one of the babies to inspect it. The anxious mother invariably becomes alarmed at the proximity of her spinster sister and drives her away from the baby.

Even the buck who is the daddy of both youngsters is not allowed to go too near.

youngsters is not allowed to go too near, either, and as his horns are still in the velvet stage Mrs. Deer is boas of the household. No human mother ever guarded her firstborn more jealously than do these

A neatly dressed man called at the Tenderloin police station a few nights ago and asked te see Capt. Cottrell. He carried a suit case and when he found the captain was out he said he would wait. He waited two hours before Cottrell came in.

The captain was impressed. He took the visitor to his private office, evidently supposing he had something of importance to tell. Five minutes later the stranger was hurrying out of the station house with the captain close behind, and ready to help him along if he showed any sign of relaxing speed.

speed.
"Well, of all the hot touches that is the limit," said the irate Cottrell. "I never saw that fellow before and he wanted to borrow \$25 so that he could go to the world's

TURBINE CROSSES ATLANTIC. First Merchant Vessel of Her Class Takes Ten Days From Glasgow.

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S., June 12 .- The British steamer Turbine, from the Tyne, arrived yesterday on her malden voyage. Her arrival marks an epoch in the history of the mercantile marine. The steamer has the distinction of being the first turbine merchant vessel to cross the Atlantic. The steamer, which was recently launched, left Glasgow on June 2 and en-

countered terrific weather on the passage, but sustained no damage. The Turbine is to engage in the Toronto-Hamilton trade. She has been constructed on different lines from the two steamers now in the English Channel passenger service. She is of 1,000 tons burden and fitted with the patent turbine engines, and has three propellers, two forward and one reverse.

Three turbine yachts have already crossed the Atlantic. They are the Emerald, chartered by George Gould; the Tarantula, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, and the Lorena, owned by A. L. Barber.

MEN WENT WITH SUBMARINE? Two of the Protector's Crew Disappear

With Her-More Beats Planned. BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 12.-It is now known that for two months before she disappeared work was being done on the submarine boat Protector to put her into shape to get out of United States waters without being discovered. The Protector is now on the way across the Atlantic lashed on the deck of the steamer Fortuna.

Simon Lake, the inventor, will say nothing about the Protector. Her storage batteries, which weigh about 78,000 pounds, were taken out while she lay at her dook here about a month before she finally left. They were shipped away, just where or how is unknown. With the storage batter-They were shipped away, just where or how is unknown. With the storage batteries out she was useless for submerged evolutions, but was left in trim for surface runs with her gasolene engines and it was in that condition she left here on June 3.

With the disappearance of the Protector there also disappeared from this city two of the most daring members of the submarine's crew, George H. Evans, an expert diver, and machinist, and C. M. Wilson, the chief machinist. The two men know every nut and bolt in the fighting machine's make up and have been with her from the time her construction was begun.

Mrs. Evans, wife of Diver Evans, will not talk about the Protector or her husband's whereabouts, except to say that he is away cruising on the Protector.

The Lake company is busy on more boats.

Half a dozen draughtsmen are working night and day in the offices here, preparing plans for the new boats.

OLD MAN ATTACKED BY BIG DOG. Savage St. Bernard Severs the Tendens of a Gardener's Leg.

PRLHAM, N. Y., June 12 .- David Pettet, an elderly gardener and prominent resident of North Pelham, struggled for his life with a savage St. Bernard dog this morning. He might have been killed had it not been for friends who went to his rescue. The animal was severely beaten before he

loosened his hold on Pettet's leg. While Pettet was on his way to church the dog, which belongs to Spencer Miller of Fourth avenue and Third street, and which Fourth avenue and Third street, and which had broken his chain, seized him by the calf of the left leg. As Pettet fell the animal let go of the leg. Pettet caught hold of the St. Bernard's throat with both hands. He tried to choke the animal and succeeded in holding him at bay for ten minutes. Then the old man's strength gave out and he lost his hold. The dog renewed his attacks and grabbed Pettet, who had become dazed, by the left leg again and buried his teeth in it.

In it.

The St. Bernard was shaking the gardener as a terrier shakes a rat when several men came to his assistance and beat the dog off, but not until he had severed the tendons in Pettet's leg.

Rhodes Scholars From Brown. PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 12 .- The following men, all students at Brown University, qualified in the Oxford examinations for he Rhodes Scholarship from Rhode Island the Rhodes Scholarship from Rhode Island:
Guy B. Colburn, '04; Ralph H. Bevan, '04;
Basil B. Wood, '05; G. F. T. Bjerkander,
'06; William T. Hastings, '08 and Ernest T.
Paine, '01. From this list one man will be selected by the Rhode Island committee, of which President Faunce of Brown is chairman, to enter Oxford in October.

HARD FIGHT AT CELLAR PIRE

FUMES OF BURNING TOBACCO KNOCK FIREMEN OUT.

Seltzer and Milk by the Gallen to Bevive Them-Croker Tries New Way to Flood the Fire, Which Was in Heiz's Restaurant-The Hoffmann Brewery Ablaze.

Two fires in half an hour made it lively for the city's fire fighters yesterday morning. While the first fire, in the plant of the Jacob Hoffmann Brewing Company in Fifty-fifth street, between Second and Third avenues, called for more engines for a short time, the other gave the firemen harder and longer fight. This fire was in Holz's restaurant, which

sub-cellar of the six story building at the southeast corner of Broadway and Houston street. The building is owned by James J. Coogan, former Borough President. Chief Croker and Deputy Chief Kruger agreed that it was the fiercest cellar fire they have had to tackle in ten years. Practically all the fire was in the subcellar. It was discovered just as the time

a third alarm was sounded for the brewery

Before the engines came on the first alarm smoke was pouring out of the building in thick clouds, and Kruger sent in a second alarm, followed in a few minutes by a third. That brought Chief Croker, who had gone uptown to the brewery fire, hustling downtown again. It was noon before they felt safe in leaving, and it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before the last engine stopped pumping water into the

Stored in the cellar were hundreds of cigars and barrels of liquor. It was the smoke of burning tobacco that bothered the firemen. The men could work but a few minutes at a stretch, and when Chief Croker took charge he limited them to twominute relays. By that time firemen, overcome by the smoke, were stretched out all over the street.

A well known "Buff" and his two sons, who go to all fires, came to the firemen's assistance. They bought twenty quarts of milk and quarts upon quarts of seltzer. Seltzer and milk, firemen say, is about the best thing for persons who have been

best thing for persons who have been knocked out by smoke.

A temporary bar was established across the street from the fire, and as the smokedased firemen staggered up from the cellar they were dosed with milk and seltzer. In addition, the three men got cans of ice water, with which the firemen bathed their heads.

To get at the blaze the firemen had all sorts of trouble. The glass covering over the sidewalk had to be ripped away. Then the Houston street side of the restaurant was knocked out and finally the floor of the basement was chopped away, and when

was knocked out and many the hold of the basement was chopped away, and when all this had been done Chief Croker found that the fire was burning as briskly as ever. Then he worked a new wrinkle, and a simple one, at that. He got several lengths of four-and-a-half-inch suction hose, such a several services and hydrant. of four-and-a-half-inch suction hose, such as is used between engine and hydrant. These he coupled to two hydrants, one in Houston street and the other on Broadway in front of the building, and then turned the water on full force. This hose carries about three times as much water as the ordinary fire hose and two tremendous streams were let loose in the cellar.

"Why, the chief just tapped Croton Lake," said one man.

At the same time every available engine was pumping water into the building.

was pumping water into the building. Three hours after the fire started Croker sent one of his lieutenants to find out how "Lacking an inch," he reported, "the water is up to the basement floor." Even than the firemen were having their hands full with the blaze.

While the blaze was hettest and the smoke thickest some one started a story that the

"There's said to be a man in that hole," he explained. "We're going to try and get him if he is there."

Kruger led his men into the cellar. When they came back they were half baked, but they didn't have any engineer. The engineer was found later. He hadn't been near the sub-cellar.

This fire caused Henry Zang, a milkman, of a Dovers at rest to lose the services of an

This fire caused Henry Zang, a milkman, of 6 Doyers street, to lose the services of an ex-fire horse he bought the other day. The horse was standing in front of a house in Prince street when Engine 55 came rattling by on its way to the restaurant. The horse fidgeted a bit and before the driver could stop him he had started llokety-split after the engine. The driver tried to steer the horse, but only succeeded in running him up on the sidewalk, where he crashed into the window of a drug store at 31 Prince street. The horse was badly cut.

Policeman Lambrecht of the East Fifty-

Policeman Lambrecht of the East Fiftyfirst street station discovered the brewery
fire. He was standing at Fifty-fourth street
and Third avenue when he saw smoke
curling over the roof of the John Kress
brewery, which fronts on Fifty-fourth street
and backs up on the four buildings of the
Hoffmann plant. There are several breweries in the neighborhood.

The fire started in the most easterly
of the brewery buildings. This was a four
story storage house. Then there is a two
story building, after that another storage
house and then the brew house, the last
two being four stories high.

The fire leaped across the smaller building to the other storage house. There
the firemen had to make their fight, for
in the brew house were a lot of tanks filled
with ammonia. The ammonia is carried from
the brew house to the other buildings in
pipes, but as soon as the fire started the
engineer, William Reiger, shut off the
ammonia from the other buildings.

The firemen kept the blaze from reaching
this building, although it burned the upper
floors of the other two.

Firemen Frank Byrnes of Engine 8 was

this building, although it burned the upper floors of the other two.

Firemen Frank Byrnes of Engine 8 was hauling a hose to the roof of the two story building when the hose burst. Byrnes was practically thrown off the roof by the force of the water, but he grabbed the wrig-gling hose and slid to the street.

Chief Croker said he thought that each fire did about \$200,000 damage. There was no explanation of the cause of either fire.

BLACKMAIL WITH A THREAT. Attempt to Extert \$5,000 From Fred D. Howland of Sandy Hill, N. Y.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., June 12.-Eight private detectives from New York, assisted by the Sandy Hill local police, are still watching out to detect the guilty person in a case of blackmail under a threat of kidnapping on Wednesday. Fred D. How-land, one of the best known residents of Sandy Hill, received a letter, posted the same day in that office, demanding that he Sandy Hill, received a letter, posted the same day in that office, demanding that he place \$5,000 in one-hundred-dollar bills in a tomato can he would find at the roots of a certain maple tree on Oak street before 9:30 o'clock Thursday evening. Failing to do this the writer would kidnap Mr. Howland's three youngest children. The letter was written in pencil and in capital letters.

Howland immediately called in the police and the detectives. He drove by the place Wednesday afternoon as the letter directed him and placed a roll of paper in the can Thursday evening, since which time the place has been continuously watched without result. A man against whom there were some suspicions has also been shadowed. The children have been kept within doors and constantly under the eyes of the family and servants, and a detective has guarded the house. Nothing unusual has occurred. Mr. Howland, the pioneer paper manufacturer of northern pioneer paper manufacturer of northern New York. He is wealthy and well known in New York city.

LAY BACCALAUREATE RERMON. of the Graduitas Class.

Paincarow, N. J., June 12.—At the special request of the graduating class, President Woodrow Wilson delivered the baccalaureate sermon to-day. This is the first time in Princeton's history that a layman has been chosen to preach this sermon. The academic procession, bright in the righly colored hoods of the faculty and headed by President Wilson and Grover Cleveland, formed in front of Nassau Hall at 11 o'clock and marched in a body to Alexander Hall, where the sermon was preached. Behind the faculty came the graduating men, 383 strong, in their black gowns and mortarboards. The exercises were opened with a prayer by President Wilson, a hymn and Soripture reading followed, and then President Wilson began his address. He said in part: occupies the ground floor, basement and

President Wilson began his address.

He said in part:

A university like this which we love is no child's dreaming place, but a veritable part of the world itself. Look at the buildings about you. There are more dormitories and society rooms and places of free and voluntary assembly than lecture rooms and places where pupils meet instructors; more places for living than for formal exercise. We are not a mere body of teachers and pupils met for occasional instruction and formal intercourse, but an independent community whose various life fills every moment of the day, governed by our own laws, shaped by our own separate customs, curiously compounded out of the habit, sometimes out of the playful whim, of the brief four-year generations which have gone before us. We are busy with affairs as well as with studies, like men of the world, affairs which in their transaction seem as important to us as any affairs of the nation itself, and which are, in fact, as powerful in the moulding of our capacities. The play of life is on, and we are in the thick of it. Our thoughts take shape, our passions play along the lines of action, our hopes and fears lay hold upon actual experience. We are men and act upon our own initiative. He said in part:

our passions play along the lines of action, our hopes and fears lay hold upon actual experience. We are men and act upon our own initiative.

The accumulations of wealth, the vast material equipment of civilization of our day, ought not to mislead us into supposing that this is an age gross and material beyond precedent; more debauched by greed or intoxicated by material power than any that has gone before it. It is not. Though its spiritual impulses and conceptions and undertakings do not run so exclusively along the old hallowed and familiar ways of religion as in some noted days gone by, the spirit of man has waxed as strong in our time as has his hand, and has given itself to works as mighty and as influential. It is said that we have given birth to no new ideals since science ushered in the modern march of wealth; but it cannot be said that charity or any healing art or the study and ardent pursuit of any hopeful means of social betterment has lagged behind in the crowded way. Men's consciences are awake and crave conquests, which are attempted in the spirit of religion if not in its name and under its elder organization.

TO ASCEND MT. COLIMA VOLCANO. C. L. Dignowity of This City to Examine the Crater.
GUADALAJARA, Mex., June 12.—An ascent

of Mount Colima volcano is to be made by Charles L. Dignowity, a mining engineer of New York, who has left here for that purpose. The volcano is in a state of semiactivity. Its violent eruptions several months ago completely changed the appearance of the cone and new craters were formed. Mr. Dignowity will be the volcano since its violent eruptions sub-

The last man to reach Colima's crater The last man to reach Colima's crater was Ezequiel Ordonez, sub-director of the National Geological Institute in the City of Mexico, who made an ascent in 1899. In 1866 Monzerrat and Dolfus, two French engineers who followed Maximilian to Mexico, climbed to the crater of Colima and made a report to the Imperial Government. They described the crater as an immense opening in the crest of the mountain 500 metres in diameter and 280 metres in depth, the floor formed by an accumulain depth, the floor formed by an accumula-tion of sand and rocks. At that time the volcano was in a condition of almost complete inactivity.

POLICE RAID BOOKMAKERS. Chiesgo Attempts to Wipe Out Race Gamb-

While the blaze was hettest and the smoke thickest some one started a story that the engineer of the building had been caught in the cellar. This story was brought to Chief Kruger.

"We've got to get him," said Kruger.

He wrapped a towel around his head and devered his face and mouth with a water soaked sponge. Then he called some of his men and told them to do the same.

"There's said to be a man in that hole,"

"There's said to be a man in that hole," the American Derby and other races.

Records were seized and the agents in charge of the bet taking were arrested. charge of the bet taking were arrested. The evidence against the three bookmakers will be taken direct to the Grand Jury. The police are confident that convictions will follow. The three books are said to have accepted nearly \$500,000 in bets, most of which are on the American Derby. Seven racehorse owners were arrested at Harlem yesterday, oharged with violating the Child Labor law by employing boys under age as jockeys. The men are John V Schorr Walter Hedges. V. Hughes. under age as jockeys. The men are John V. Schorr. Walter Hedges, V. Hughes, John Bryan, A. Gilman, John Gray and Benjamin Butler. The warrants were sworn out by an assistant State factory inspector.

CALLED TO SEE CONDEMNED PET. Children's Love Gets Stay of Execution of Their Little Dog.

Mrs. Mary Bartsch of 335 Tenth street, Jersey City, and her three children visited the S. P. C. A. shelter in Jersey City yesterday afternoon to see their pet black and tan, which was condemned to die for biting Patrick Flanagan, a letter carrier, on the leg. Police Justice Higgins granted a stay of execution and said he would re-

a stay of execution and said he would rehear the case to-morrow.

One of the principal questions to be decided is whether the dog was running at
large or was on its owner's premises when
it tackled Uncle Sam's agent.

The Bartsch children played with the
animal half an hour yesterday and fed it
some scraps of meat from the Sunday
dinner. The dog licked their hands and
faces and whined when the children tearfully bade it goodby. fully hade it goodby.

GIRLS LEARN TO BE GARDENERS. They Study With the Men at the Amherst

"Farmer's College." AMHERST, Mass., June 12 .- Miss Father Cushman of Northampton, after receiving horticultural training at the Amherst Agricultural College, has received her diploma.

Phroughout the past year a half dozen girls have been pursuing work along horti-cultural lines at the "Farmers' College." Miss Justine Hunt of Jamaica Plain, and Miss Monica Sanborn of Salemare two other Massachusetts girls who have successfully pursued the horticultural course at Am-herst.

Must Take Her Bad Eyes Back to France. The French steamship Malou, in yesterday from Bordeaux, stopped at Montreal and Quebec on her way here and landed there 30 cabin and 417 steerage pasthere 30 cabin and 417 steerage passengers. She originally intended to land all the immigrants she had, but the Canadian authorities rejected twenty-three because they have trachoma, a contagious disease of the eyes. She cannot land them here, as immigrants with trachoma are debarred, but may have them cared for at Ellis Island at the expense of the ship's owner until she is ready to sail back to France. until she is ready to sail back to France.

Arrangements for Laurence Hutton's Funeral.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 12.-The funeral services over Laurence Hutton will be held at his home here to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The pallbearers in this case will be servants. It was one of Mr. Hutton's last wishes that he should be borne to the grave on the shoulders of his servants, after the old Scotch custom, but owing to the crowd of commencement visitors in town at present it was thought best to have the body taken to the grave in the customary

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SOMETHING NEW IN RITUALISM BY BISHOP OF FOND DU LAC-

Form of Service Very Like the Roman at the Ordination of the Revs. Sigourney Fay and H. W. Dawson in St. Edward the Martyr's-Russian Priest Assists.

Bishop Charles C. Grafton of the Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac celebrated pontifical high mass in the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Edward the Martyr, in 109th street near Fifth avenue, yesterday morning, and at the same time ordained to the priesthood the Rev. Sigourney W. Fay and to the deaconate the Rev H. W. Dawson. The Rev. Mr. Fay was formerly a curate

in the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia. Recently he has been Bishop Grafton's private chaplain. He accompanied the Bishop on his visit to Russia last The Rev. Mr. Dawson was a graduate

this year of the General Theological Seminary. Both men will have charges in the diocese of Fond du Lac, the Rev. Mr. Fay | The Army Here Making a Great Time Over continuing as the Bishop's chaplain. Yesterday's service in St. Edward's was one of the most advanced in point of ritua ever witnessed in an Episcopal church in New York. The full Sarum ritual, in so far as Anglican usage will permit, was employed. There were innumerable altar candles and lights, and a special mus-

ical programme. A congregation which

crowded the little structure to the doors included many members from other of the "advanced" Episcopal churches, and not a few from the Philadelphia church in which the Rev. Mr. Fay used to minister. A procession from the adjoining parish house began the service. Ahead came a crucifer and after him censer bearers, acolytes and the vested choir. Then followed another crucifer, students from the General Seminary, visiting clergymen and

General Seminary, visiting clergymen and the two whom Bishop Grafton was to ordain. Each of the latter was robed in a white cassook and black heretta and each bore a lighted taper. They were accompanied by their presenters, clothed in full vestments of the mass.

Behind a third crucifer were the master of ceremonies, the Rev. J. Ernest Linton of Philadelphia; the Rev. J. C. S. Huntington, the preacher, in his white habit as superior of the Order of Holy Cross. Other priests in accrificial vestments were followed by the Rev. Alexander Hotovitsky, rector of the Russian church in Ninety-seventh street, and the Rev. Edward Wallace Neil, rector of the Church of St. Edward the Martyr. Bishop Grafton came last, preceded by the Revs. Peter Macfarlane and J. G. Hutton, sub-deacon and deacon of the mass

the Revs. Peter Macfariane and J. G. Hut-ton, sub-deacon and deacon of the mass respectively. The Bishop, over his other vestments, wore a richly embroidered cope, and on his head rested a much jewelled vestments, wore a richly embroidered cope and on his head rested a much jewelled mitre.

The service proper lasted three hours. It began with the sermon. Father Huntington preached from the text, "Grace, mercy and peace." Father Hotovitsky did not assist in the laying on of hands at the ordination of Father Fay, although he sat in the chancel throughout the service.

As he was ordained a rich tunic was thrown over the shoulders of the Rev. Mr. Dawson. A chasuble of heavy material, indicating the priestly office, was placed outside the robes of the Rev. Mr. Fay as he knelt before the Bishop. The services ended with the pontifical mass. The procession re-formed and marched out to the parish house, Bishop Grafton bestowing the apostolic blessing as it proceeded. Two prominent figures at the service were Nicholas Lodygensky, the Russian Consul-General and Brother Gilbert, head of the Brothers of Nazareth at Priory Firm. The Church of St. Edward the Martyr is that in which Commodore Gerry has membership, and to the support of which he contributes largely. He gave \$30,000 recently for a new altar and reredos.

GOSPEL TENT UP AGAIN.

Bishop Potter Is Expected to Be One of the Speakers There This Summer.

The Gospel tent is once more pitched at Fifty-seventh street and Broadway, where it had a successful season last year. The first service was at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur and others spoke. In the evening the Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church was the principal Presbyterian Church was the principal speaker. Mr. and Mrs. Chaper of Northfield sang at both services.

The tent is to be undenominational. Among the speakers to be heard this summer are Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. J. William Chapman. and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Houston, the blind evangelist.

The tent can seat about 600 persons. It is new and waterproof. The services will continue until the middle of September. RARE — La Fontaine's Tales, Rozana, Gest Romanorum, Rousseau's Confessions. Any book PRATT, 181 6th av.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY. Examinations for Admission

Will be held in the Lecture room of the NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL, 35 NAS-SAU ST., BEGINNING AT 9 A. M. THURSDAY, JUNE 16TH, AND CON-TINUING THROUGH THE FORENOON OF SATURDAY THE 18TH. Attendance is required at the opening of the examinations. Each candidate should bring with him the proper certificate from his instructor.

Catalogues, schedules of examinations. information concerning requirements, etc., may be obtained by addressing H. N. VAN DYKE, Registrar, Princeton, N. J. For Boys and Young Men.

SYMS SCHOOL. Robert H. Syms. William C. Simmons Office hours 9-12. Until June 28rd, 22 W. 45th St

FAREWELL TO SALVATION BAND. Its 850 Going to London. 250 delegates to the Interv Congress of the Salvation Army in London assembled at the headquarters in Four eenth street yesterday and were addressed

ov Commander Booth-Tucker. In the

afternoon and evening special meetings were held at the army rooms all over the To-night Commander Booth-Tucker will To-night Commander Booth-Tucker will address a meeting in Carnegie Hall on "The Landless Man to the Manless Land." Col. Higgins, the chief secretary of the army, all the provincial officers and 100 field and staff officers will assist. To-morrow the delegates will march from the headquarters to the Cupard pier where they will ambark

delegates will march from the headquarters to the Cunard pier, where they will embark on the Carpathia, which has been chartered for their use.

Six thousand will be present at the congress, representing forty-nine different countries and thirty languages. A special building to seat 6,000 has been erected for the meeting. Some meetings will also be held in Albert Hall, and on July 5 there will be a meeting in the Crystal Palace, at which an attendance of more than 100,000 is expected.

which an attendance of more than 100,000 is expected.

To represent different phases of the army's work in America, the delegation will include a Chinese brigade from California, "Kentucky mountaineers who have worked among the "moonshiners," a Mexican brigade, a Hawallan brigade, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish brigades, and a colored brigade from the South. Commander Booth-Tucker is also taking several of the most celebrated converts, including of the most celebrated converts, including a former coachman of Edwin Gould and "Mysterious Billy" Smith, the reformed

GOING TO BE A PARKHURST. The Rev. C. E. Nash Leaves the Ministry

to Head an Anti-Sajoen League. The Rev. C. E. Nash, pastor of the North Baptist Church in West Eleventh street announced his resignation to his congregation last night. The church was packed.
Mr. Nash said that on Thursday he was
elected superintendent of the Anti-Saloon
League of New Jersey. As head of this
organization he will make his headquarters
in Newark. The resignation is to take
effect at the convenience of the congregation, but not later than Oct. 1. Mr.
Nash has held the pastorate for six months.

Passengers From Marseilles Quarantined. There is much smallpox in Marseilles and that is why eighty steerage passengers booked at that port, who arrived yesterday aboard the French liner La Gascogne, from Havre, were sent to Hoffman Island for observation Nobody on the liner

PUBLICATIONS.

(F) The Phillips & Ca, New York Silent Places

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are drawn to the life in this tale of a dogged Canadian man-hunt. "Every character is a hero. But above all, much bears the stamp of absolute truth," says the Phila. Ledger. It is the best work by the author of "The Blazed Trail,"

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